MEMORIAL SERVICES

on the

Death

of

Eminent Sir
Frederick Münch

June 11, 1903

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QUARTETTE. "How dark the road we go." *Dow*

MARY QUARTETTE.

REMARKS BY
EMINENT SIR WILLIAM J. MILLIGAN.

EMINENT COMMANDER AND FRATERS OF MARY COMMANDERY:

We meet here to-night to pay a loving tribute to the memory of our departed friend and Frater, Eminent Sir MÜNCH, who in his life exemplified the the teachings of our Order. He was in truth a Knight Templar, who in this life performed all the duties assigned him in a manner that has always commanded our love and respect. I speak of him particularly as an elective officer, in which position I so well knew him. While he filled minor offices in our Commandery with efficiency and fidelity, yet he shone brighter with the greater responsibilities that fell upon him.

While acting as Captain General, our Commandery crossed the continent to attend the Denver Triennial Conclave. The Eminent Commander and Generalissimo were unable to attend, so that the responsibility of representing our Commandery upon that occasion fell upon the shoulders of Eminent Sir MÜNCH. How well he maintained the honor and glory of Mary Commandery during this extended pilgrimage those of us who accompanied him can attest. He was the life and soul of our party, and his chief aim and desire seemed to be to secure for all the pilgrims the greatest comfort and

happiness possible. Although this same forgetfulness of self and thought of others has been noticed by us upon the many other pilgrimages he attended with us, yet upon this occasion, practically living with him for a month, we came to see, as never before, his noble character, and learned to appreciate and love him the more. None now mourn his loss more than those pilgrims whom he helped to make happy at that time. When, later, he was advanced to the position of Generalissimo, he had occasion to prove his strength of character. I may be pardoned if I refer to the conditions that existed at that time, which many have forgotten, and more never knew. To the credit and honor of our departed Frater, I feel compelled to recall a critical period in our history. A change had occurred in our Commandery. The harmonious condition of years' standing seemed unsettled. In fact, in a night a revolution had taken place that many thought would eventually end in the downfall of Mary Commandery. They little knew of the staunch character of those who guarded the interests of the Commandery, nor the devotion that filled the hearts of those on the Throne; but the wisdom and discretion of these officers poured oil upon the troubled waters, bringing peace and harmony, and our beloved Commandery started on a career of progress that has raised us to our present high standard. Owing to the illness of the Eminent Commander at the time, Sir MÜNCH was called upon to assume the duties of this office, and proved himself equal to the occasion by guiding the craft, at this critical moment, safely through the troubled waters, not only through the greater part of Eminent Sir Varwig's term, but through his own year as Eminent Commander, closing his successful administration

with an addition of seventy-two new members. This fact was a silent rebuke to those who predicted the downfall of our beloved Commandery.

That you may better know the feelings that inspired and governed Eminent Sir MÜNCH at this period, let me quote from his monthly address upon the occasion of our Silver Anniversary. He wrote:

"We must go forward, and not for a single moment permit our interest to become sluggish. The possibilities of the future are measured only by our own application and industry. You and I have been better for the fraternal influence of Templar Masonry, and as the sublime truths and teachings of our Order make their impressions upon us, let us, by precept and example, spread its invigorating principles, that its membership may multiply and others be benefited by its doctrines."

The lines with which he closes this address seem almost prophetic:

"We stand to-day within a portal,
A mystic portal all unseen,
That opens the future to our vision
And shuts its gates on what has been.
We cannot tell what may betide us,
What dangers threaten none can know;
These barks of ours may catch fair breezes,
Or stem wild currents as they go.
Enough, if o'er the swelling waters,
We poise our hearts in strength sublime,
And safe amid the surging tumult
We sail beyond the wreck of time."

After retiring from the Throne, his interest in our Commandery never ceased. A recent evidence of this fact was the zeal and energy with which he entered into the arduous work of preparation for the Fiftieth Anniversary of the institution of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templar of Penn-

sylvania. How successfully he carried on this work, until illness forced him out of it, I need not tell you. How much of the unparalelled success of the great undertaking was due to his courage, energy and sacrifice you know full well.

"He is taken away,
Sturdy of heart and stout of limb,
From eyes that drew half their light from him."

His worth had been recognized by the Fraters of the First Division. He was their unanimous choice for the position of Grand Junior Warden, and, as you know, was elected to that honorable station by the Grand Commandery. Before notice of this honor could be given him, he was summoned to the Asylum above by the Grand Commander, in whom he had placed his trust, and whose precepts he had striven to follow.

On Memorial Day, all that was mortal of our beloved Frater was laid in the ground.

His grave was covered with flowers, laid there by the loving hands of his Fraters—many of these offerings being moistened by tears that flowed from sorrowing hearts.

"Thou art gone to the grave! but 'twere wrong to deplore thee
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide.
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting, since the Saviour hath died."

TENOR SOLO. "Some day we'll understand,"
Fisher

EMINENT SIR ALFRED K. GREGORY.

REMARKS BY PAST EMINENT COMMANDER WILLIAM H. BURKHARDT.

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and is cut down. He fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not. In the midst of life we are in death."

Eminent Sir and Sir Knights, these words, which we have so often heard and with which we are so familiar, come to us to-night with more than ordinary force of meaning.

We are assembled to do honor to the memory of one who went in and out among us, and who, a few weeks ago, was full of life, full of hope, and full of the brightest expectations; but the great Creator of us all, who "made man after His own image and breathed into his nostrils the breath of Life," has seen proper, in His wisdom, to take from this earth our beloved Frater at a time when he had reached the goal of his ambition. We had made him our Standard Bearer, but his hand was too weak to grasp its staff, and his mind, weakened by disease, lacked that comprehension that would enable him to understand his preferment.

Our joy has been changed to sorrow; our rejoicing to lamentation; our smiles to tears; our great exultation to a greater depression; but our sorrows, our lamentation, our tears and our depression are dissipated in the thought and hope that when that great and notable day of the Lord shall come, when the trumpet shall sound and the dead shall be raised, when the Judge of all the earth shall come, that he may be awarded a seat at His

right hand, and that he may occupy one of the mansions prepared for those who love the Lord. For Christ hath said: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's House are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

I would say of our late Frater, that he was a peaceful man. He abhorred a dispute or a difficulty, and with his suavity of manner he poured oil upon the troubled waters; his good sense and excellent judgment brought harmony out of discord, and order out of chaos. He was an energetic man. He had great activity of mind and body and great intensity of purpose, which caused him to pursue all his undertakings with more than ordinary energy. He was an intelligent man; not so much, perhaps, in academic knowledge or scholastic instruction, but intelligent in the ways of the business world, and capable of conducting transactions of the most important character, requiring the best of judgment. He was a man of great executive ability, which has been well shown in his conduct during his term of office as Eminent Commander and in positions which he has filled in connection with Knights Templar demonstrations.

You have heard him spoken of as a Brother, a Companion and a Knight Templar. I would speak to you of relations more binding than either of these—that of son, husband and father. Marriage is a sacred relation. The Scriptures tell us that what God has joined together let no man put asunder. The relation of parents to children is God-given. They are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh; our duty towards them ends only with the end of life. He filled these relations to the

fullest extent. As a husband, he was loving and faithful, giving to his wife that honor which is justly her due. But what words can we find that will give proper expression to the deep grief she has been called upon to bear in this loss of both husband and child, to which is added the anxiety for the child who is now lying in a bed of serious illness? Surely, the burden seems greater than a human being can bear. She has lost a loving husband, who has been her comfort and support, and a deeply loved child. She has watched by their bedside, and witnessed their departure from this earth. We trust that she will find comfort in the words of Holy Writ, and be able to say: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

QUARTETTE. "Farewell,".....*Brown*

MARY QUARTETTE.

REMARKS BY
EMINENT SIR WILLIAM J. KELLY.

EMINENT COMMANDER:

If it were possible to say that I am given pleasure by anything connected with our late devoted friend and Frater, FREDERICK MÜNCH, it would be because I am invited to contribute in some small degree to the service held in his memory and for his honor in this Commandery. I am grateful to stand before you in this ceremony, and to a certain extent testify to his loyal friendship.

The value of his service to this Commandery has been fittingly set forth by those who have preceded me. His splendid career as a son, husband and father have also been given to us in an able manner. "His Loyal Friendship" given to me will confine me to the text, on which I shall most briefly touch, for I cannot conceive that, on a subject so holy and noble as friendship, mere words will add anything to its value or significance.

Friendship is composed of so many parts and actuated by so many different causes that it requires careful study to reach that which will truthfully set forth the subject of the present address.

It consists in being emotional, which is very evanescent and probably unreliable. It consists, again, of selfishness, which, while not noticed or thought of at the time, will develop in its course, to the serious disappointment of those interested. And it then, again, consists of "the joys, the trust, the security and the mutual tenderness that constitutes the double joy when both are glad for both, our only wealth, our last retreat, and strength, secure against all fortune and the world."

True friendship causes us to propose, each for himself, for contests where time, want, danger are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the happiness in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of true friendship, each so sovereign that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him *I may think aloud*. I am arrived, at last, in the presence of a man so real and equal that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man, while alone, is sincere, but at the entrance of a second person it often happens that hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow-man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thoughts to him under a hundredfold. Loyal friendship requires that rare mean betwixt likeness and unlikeness, that piques each with the presence of power and of consent in the other party. Let me be alone to the end of the world, rather than my friend should overstep by a word or a look his real sympathy. I am equally balked by antagonism and by compliance. Let him not cease an instant to be himself. The

only joy I have in his being mine is that the *not mine* is mine.

These principles were most beautifully exemplified in the life, disposition and conduct of Sir FREDERICK MÜNCH. He was generous to the core, and an instance of his devotion to prove his friendship came under my own personal attention and observation. To me it was a living example of the greatness of soul of our Frater, who, without any hope of fee or reward, gave of his time, of his means and of his influence, and the abundance of his effort caused me to admire him and to feel that it was well for us his living upon this earth. He realized fully that friendship "was like the sun's eternal rays," that "friendship is the mysterious cement of the soul," and in his efforts in that case a living example of an opportunity taken advantage of made him a noble man, and made better all of us who had observed his fidelity. Peace, peace be to his ashes.

TENOR SOLO. "One sweetly solemn thought,"
Ambrose

EMINENT SIR ALFRED K. GREGORY.

AN EPITOME OF THE REMARKS OF THE RIGHT EMINENT GRAND COMMANDER, CHARLES M. STOCK.

EMINENT SIR, OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF MARY COMMANDERY:

After the three excellently prepared addresses with which you have been favored, setting forth what are undoubtedly most appreciative and just estimates of the worth and character of our dear departed Frater, FREDERICK MÜNCH, I do not deem it wise to make extended remarks—only to lay a small sprig of evergreen upon his newly-made grave. I have come over a hundred miles for the sole purpose of bowing my head with you in silent sorrow at his untimely taking off, and showing by my presence here to-night the love and affection I entertained for him.

I remember so well the favorable impression made upon my mind and heart the first time I ever met Eminent Sir MÜNCH, many long years ago. The fearless and kindly eye, looking directly into your own, the hearty grasp of the hand, the pleasant smile, and the crisp, concise speech in quiet and well-modulated tones, at once impressed every one with whom he came into contact that he was in the presence of a true, noble and courteous gentleman—a personality of more than ordinary power and sweetness, of rare strength and beauty.

Judging from his name, his sturdy appearance and his associations—specially the religious ones—I would surmise that German blood flowed in his veins. The warmth of heart, the energy of disposition, the geniality which radiated from him,

the confidence begotten immediately and deepening upon larger acquaintance, evidenced that genuineness of character which is an invariable product of the highest type of the German lineage. The landmarks of Freemasonry, in common with the Word of God, take cognizance of the profound law of heredity.

Years ago, I thought of our Frater in connection with the higher offices of our Grand Commandery; and when, but a few days since, the remarkable election was held which unanimously placed him in the station of the Grand Junior Warden, we all felt that just the right and proper thing had been done. As he easily and naturally and nobly adapted himself to every relation in life—a dutiful son, a faithful husband, a loving father, a model citizen, a business man of integrity and recognized ability, a skilled and devoted member of the Ancient and Honorable Fraternity, a Knight of commanding influence among the officers of your Mary (a Commandery having no superior among all called by the proud and valiant name, Knights Templar)—so, we may assert with confidence, would he have adorned all the offices in the largest and most dignified of all the Grand Commanderies—that of the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania.

But God has willed otherwise; and now it is for us, meekly and patiently, to submit. Suffer me to direct your eye to the golden lining surrounding this black cloud of sorrow; you should see it every time you pronounce or write the name by which you are called. She, who was last at the cross and earliest at the tomb, when, on the first Easter morning, with a smile of gladness breaking through her tears, softly spake the single word, "Rabboni," thereby first preached the glorious doctrine of the

resurrection. This means that the separation from our beloved dead is only temporary. Our Frater and his dear boy have established a home on the other side, somewhere in the "many mansions," the Captain of our Salvation has gone to prepare.

Suffer also a word of admonition from your Grand Commander as to our preparation. In the most solemn part of our Ritual we are reminded of our mortality and the suddenness with which death may come; and, again, that we cannot be too often reminded of these facts. Surely we all believe in the immortality of the soul, as we must believe in the mortality of the body.

But by reason of frailty we are so prone to forget the cultivation of the spiritual; the strenuousness of our material life so readily crowds out thoughts of the eternal; active duties so press that we think we have no time for soul communion. Remember, however, there was a Mary who found time to sit at the feet of the Master, and she received from His lips the high encomium that she had chosen a good part which should not be taken from her. That we may live and die aright there needs be the combination of the contemplative with the active—worship with service.

May the Almighty God bless and keep you all!

PRAYER BY
SIR AND REV. ROBERT HUNTER, D. D.

Lord, Thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God. Thou turnest man unto destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men. Our hearts are sad to-night, because Thou, O Lord, hast called our beloved brother away from among us. But we rejoice that Thou hast called him to Thyself, and that, therefore, our sorrow is not hopeless. We thank Thee that life and immortality have been brought to light through the Gospel, and that we can think of our brother as now partaking of the blessedness of this immortality; and that as we were called upon, with loving hands and broken hearts, to lay his mortal remains to rest, we were permitted, by faith, to hear the risen Christ saying for our comfort, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

We thank Thee for the precious memory which we now have, and which we can always cherish of his noble character and exemplary life in all the relationships of life. Especially do we render thanks for his efficiency, fidelity and loving devotion as a member of our Commandery, as a brother among us, and in the exalted official positions which he filled; and we rejoice, while we are keenly conscious of our bereavement, that, though dead, he yet speaketh; that he rests from his labors and his works follow him. Help us, like him, to be faithful unto death. We thank Thee for his affectionate devotion as son

and husband, and we commend his bereaved mother and his sorrow-stricken wife and children to Thy tender sympathy and loving care. As Thou hast called upon the beloved partner of his life to suffer a double bereavement, in the taking away of a beloved child, as well as the husband and father, so do Thou minister unto her a double portion of Thy grace and consolation. Bind up her broken heart and heal her wounded spirit, and ever be unto her and unto the remaining children, the husband of the widow, the father of the fatherless and the orphan's stay and shield.

Bless and sanctify this dark providence to those of us who remain, and teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. Enable us to walk in our brother's footsteps, and to emulate his example in all that was good and noble and true, so that, like him, when the summons comes, we may each be enabled to say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," and, like him, to receive the crown of life from God, the righteous Judge. We thank Thee, O God, that to the faithful in Christ the partings of this life are only temporary; and we pray that by Thy grace we may be prepared to meet our dear ones who have gone before to the Father's house, and to enjoy blessed reunion and fellowship forevermore. And may "the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do His will, working in us that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

Letters of Condolence.

OFFICE OF DIVISION COMMANDER,
DIVISION NO. 2, PITTSBURGH, PA., JUNE 9, 1903.

To the Eminent Commander, Officers and Members of Mary Commandery, No. 36, K. T., Philadelphia.

DEAR SIR KNIGHTS:

I regret very much that I cannot be with you Thursday evening next, to participate in the memorial service to the memory of your late and lamented Frater, Eminent Sir FREDERICK MÜNCH.

I can scarcely think of him except as in the same youthful health and strength as when I first knew him.

He was a faithful and devoted member of "Mary," and was one of the blessed number who made up the beautiful life of your Commandery, and his loss to you, I am sure, will be irreparable.

Please accept my very sincerest knightly, friendly and Christian sympathy in your sorrow.

Courteously yours,

W. J. DIEHL,
Grand Generalissimo.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 8, 1903.

To the Eminent Commander, Officers and Members of Mary Commandery, No. 36, K. T.

DEAR FRATERS:

At the stated Conclave of Kadosh Commandery, No. 29, held the 28th day of May, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the sympathy of Kadosh Commandery be extended to the Fraters of Mary Commandery, No. 36, K. T., upon the loss they have sustained in the death of Eminent Sir FREDERICK MÜNCH.

Courteously yours,

JOSEPH L. MANN,
Recorder.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 9, 1903.

Eminent Sir Harry H. Heist, Eminent Commander Mary Commandery, No. 36.

It is with deep regret that I cannot attend the memorial service of Eminent Sir FREDERICK MÜNCH, as I feel that in his death the First Division has lost one of its jewels and the community at large a good citizen. We, as a Commandery and individually, feel the taking away of so noble a Frater. Kensington Commandery sends its sincere sympathy to your Commandery and his family, and trust the great Captain of our Salvation to heal all the wounds which in his death has been inflicted.

Fraternally yours,

WALTER L. YERKES,
Eminent Commander of
Kensington Commandery, No. 54.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29, 1903.

To Harry H. Heist, Eminent Commander of Mary Commandery, No. 36, K. T., Philadelphia.

MY DEAR FRATER:

I join with all the sorrowing hearts of Mary Commandery in the sad loss of our distinguished and lamented Frater, FREDERICK MÜNCH, and regret to advise you that I will be unable to pay the respect which I fain would bestow by presence at his funeral, owing to the fact that I have been selected as Orator for Reynolds Post, G. A. R., and my duties commence at 2 o'clock, P. M.—the very hour set for the funeral of our dear beloved Sir Knight.

How true this is to the every-day lesson of life—one day honor, praise and elevation; the next, honor, praise and sorrow.

God bless and keep you all, is the wish of your sincere friend and Frater.

Yours courteously,

WILLIAM B. SMITH, P. C.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 11, 1903.

Eminent Sir Harry H. Heist, Eminent Commander of Mary Commandery, No. 36, K. T.

DEAR SIR AND FRATER:

I had fully intended to be present at the memorial services this evening, but an early trip to Harrisburg in the morning makes it necessary for me to attend to several matters this evening, which will keep me away.

I will be with you, in spirit and in thought, as you remember the sterling qualities and the manly character of our dear departed Frater, Eminent Sir FREDERICK MÜNCH.

"May his rest, indeed, be glorious!"

My deepest sympathies go out to the bereaved widow and afflicted mother. May God comfort and sustain her and her family.

Courteously and sincerely yours,

CHARLES H. BOND, P. C.